GERS REVIEW VASHINGTON



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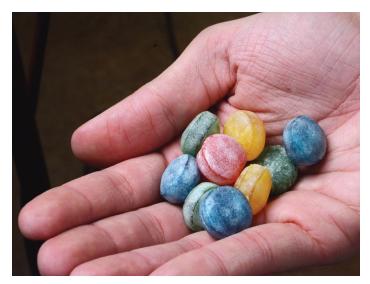
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LEE SELTZER used to write a column for the *Targum*, but the Review has successfully commandeered his talents for this issue and hopefully forever. When he isn't writing about political issues or bicycle safety, he likes to display his comedic genius doing stand-up at the Stress Factory. He claims that his childhood in Fair Lawn was "uncomfortable," but, honestly, whose wasn't? As a senior in college, he is just now beginning to dabble in the culinary arts due to a long-standing love affair with a girl with red pigtails named Wendy and her succulent burgers. Some day he hopes to teach economic history at the university level and make something that sounds like music on a drum kit. Until then, he'll be that guy banging away on the bass drum that you hear on your way to Ale 'N 'Wich.

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RITA PINKUSEVICH got straight As in business school. Nowadays, she studies printmaking and photography at Mason Gross School of the Arts. Rita was born in Kharkov, Ukraine. She lived in Siberia in her early childhood and immigrated to America when the Soviet Union was collapsing. She and her family settled right outside of Coney Island (on the second floor of a Jewish synagogue) until they moved to Fort Lee, NJ, where Rita learned English and went through school. New York City pressed upon a young Rita, and a job in downtown Soho fueled her troublesome nature: she spent some time sneaking onto rooftops, going to punk shows, and tagging the streets. She hopes to bathe in Himalayan hot springs and ride a horse across the Silk Road. In the meantime, she wants to make a living off of making art, which hasn't been that difficult, except for the making art part.

Breaking From the Routine, page 12



KRISTIN BARESICH can eat six saltines in a minute. The expert trampoline-jumper and bubble-gum aficionado joined the Review last year and has been nothing but a wonderful contributor to our team ever since. When she's not writing for us, she's probably running or reading (or sitting around campfires 'cause clearly New Brunswick has a lot of those). Kristin studies English and Psychology and eventually wants to work in publishing but unfortunately never learned how to do a cartwheel. If you want to be her best friend—which you obviously do—give her some cake batter ice cream or talk about Florida (she used to live there!). Either way, we're so happy she eventually moved to North Jersey so she could be here to share her saltine-skills and suave running physique with our staff.

A Babble of Voices, page 15



omeone told me recently, "I'd rather have time than stuff." We were talking about college kids we knew who accepted jobs at Wall Street firms like Rosenburg Singh or Shoemacher Brothers where they would get paid a ton of money but also have to work 100-200 hours a week. What's the point? You should work to live, not live to work. When I'm not working and having real fun (as opposed to the geeky "fun" I sometimes experience while crunching numbers or doing a repetitive task), I'm not spending a fortune. I'm watching Hulu Plus, reading, writing, or hanging out with friends. I'd rather have more middle class hours to do what I want than fewer rich hours. Sometimes we get so lost in material things that we forget what life's all about. It is true that "the best things in life are free," like The Rutgers Review. Sit down, relax, forget about your troubles, and immerse yourself in words. YOLO!

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FOR THOSE WHO DON'T SING **KUMBAYA**

by Pauline Braxton

"REPENT NOW! TURN TO GOD BEFORE YOU ARE SENTENCED TO AN ETERNITY IN HELL!"

Aaah, the melodic words of the blow-horn-abusing preachers at the Rutgers Student Center and Scott Hall bus stops. We've all witnessed them before: the relentless Biblethumping-Jesus-freaks that make Rutgers bus stops their personal pulpit and the students their congregation.

These evangelicals have plagued Rutgers for years now, and students have not hesitated to complain. Because these preachers draw so much attention to themselves, many people may assume that this is how Christians want to be viewed. But the truth is, not all of us agree with their ways and they are by no means a representation of who we are.

Don't confuse my distaste for this method of preaching with a disdain for Christianity, I love God just as much as the next Christian. And as a self-proclaimed Jesus-freak, I'd like to set the record straight on some of the stereotypes and misconceptions about what it means to be a "religious" student on campus.

Maybe it's my own paranoia, but I'm convinced that a large portion of the non-Christian community believes we are a bunch of hyper-conservative, judgmental, holier-thanthou hypocrites—the kids that spend their weekends around the bonfire singing Kumbaya. While I'm not denying that there are some Christians out there that fit these stereotypes, I hate to see intolerance and narrowmindedness as the prevailing view. For believers that actually study Jesus' life and try to follow his example, it should be the exact opposite. While we may attempt to abide by the Bible's guidelines for living, we know that we are flawed and that we screw up just as much

as the next person. It's because of this realization that we recognize a need for something bigger than ourselves to set things right—a savior.

I, for one, am the first to admit my shortcomings. briefly share with you my most recent failures to help illustrate this.

Last year was my first year at Rutgers, and I entered cau-

tiously, knowing the school's reputation for being a huge party school. I was dead set against drinking, having been taught my entire life that getting drunk was ungodly. I refused every shot, every beckon from floor-mates to "try it just once." This was my way of refusing temptation for God's sake; I willingly became a misfit amongst my peers just as Christ had. I recognize that this is a foreign concept for many of you reading this, but for me, drinking was never even an option. That all changed the first week of this semester. Not once, not twice, but three times since this school year has started, I have drunken socially with my

apartment-mates. They couldn't believe that the alcohol-refusing girl they'd known all last year was now participating with them on the weekends.

We've all been there. Those pivotal moments of moral dilemma. During this personal quandary, I'm sure I've confused my friends who thought they had a pretty good idea of who I was as a Christian. What's even worse, I became what I've always detested—a hypocrite.

I tell you this not to judge those of you who do enjoy drinking but to share with you a small portion of my experience as a misfit in a secular university/world. During those

> nights, there was an internal war going on inside me during which I had to make the decision to either honor my commitment to God or relent to the pressure to fit in.

The truth is, just like every other 18 to 22-year-old here on campus, us "religious" students are trying to figure out what we believe and who we're going to be for the

rest of our lives. Some of us are struggling with our faith and trying to decide whether or not we really believe in what we say we do. Others are certain in their belief in God and are dedicated to serve Him but fail time and time again as they give in to their humanity. Regardless of where we stand in our faith, just as it is with any other culture or group of people, we cannot be defined by the constraints of stereotypes. R





THEREAN ACK AGAIN

BY POOJA KOLLURI ART BY JORDAN WASON

I forget I'm Indian sometimes. It's an upsetting phenomenon and easy to do when you're born, raised, and surrounded by "American culture," but that's a digression I'll save for later. Anyway, I went to India this summer to sort of reclaim my identity and connect with my culture. I came back with pretty clothes, extra baggage, and an awkward accent that lasted for a few weeks. But one of my most most prized souvenirs luckily didn't have to be squeezed into the last breath of my suitcase by my very skillful aunt. It was an invaluable view on America, its politics, and more specifically how America's a model for a country that's just trying to get its shit together.

Wait, what? America has its shit together? Yeah, actually, the US of A isn't as fucked up as we who live here often love to think it is. Especially with the elections so soon, all I hear these days is about what needs to be fixedabout why the government can't keep up the economy and please everyone with its foreign policy or how if Mitt Romney wins the election, people are moving to Canada. ("People" only ever being yours truly, admittedly.) Well, I'll say this: India would love to have President Obama or anyone with a trustworthy vision for the country, not just a vision for how much money they can pawn off the job.

This isn't a point of view that I would have noticed on my own. It spurred from a simple trip to pick up decorations and a cake for my cousin's birthday. My aunt and I took a motorcycle into town, as is the norm in India. We parked in front of a line of connected huts. Even just as we were standing at the stall trying to choose whether that much glitter was too much for a 21-year-old, I looked back, only to notice a group of men. They were all young, college age. At first I thought they were just

I WAS SO DISAPPOINTED IN MY PEOPLE, BOTH FOR BEING ABLE TO ACT LIKE THIS AS WELL AS ACCEPT IT AS SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE CHANGED.

talking around their motorcycle, but then I noticed the stares and the creepy smiles. Yeah, I'm used to this in America too. But that's at 2 AM a little too far down Hamilton wearing too few clothes. Even then, I've made it back feeling comfortable. Yet, in India, I was in broad daylight, wearing pants and a long sleeve shirt, and this was still happening. And I knew I wasn't a special case—I had seen it before, many times.

I brought it up briefly to my aunt while we were heading home, because while it didn't bother me too much, I did have a bit of an "SMH" moment. I was so disappointed in my people, both for being able to act like this as well as accept it as something that can't be changed. My aunt began a little lecture about how corrupt India's government has become.

structure or the veracity of American politics.

They look on from across oceans and admire our

Most Indians would be grateful to have the

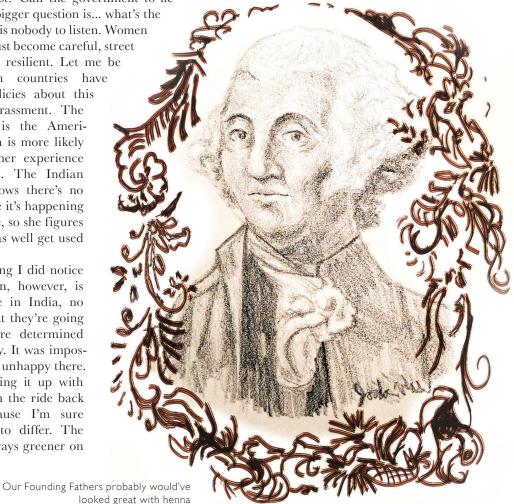
technically successful government. Compared to the corrupt and barely-there politicians existent in their country, Indians have every right. Taking the treatment of women into view, I'm not saying that Americans are pristine and treat women like gold. A simple trip to a proper Rutgers party will tell you that much. But the males in India aren't even trusted with a concept like a frat party. Even at restaurants, women are predisposed to leering and jeering by men of all ages. Protest? Call the government to action? The bigger question is... what's the use? There is nobody to listen. Women in India must become careful, street smart, and resilient. Let me be clear—both countries have written policies about this sort of harassment. The difference is the American woman is more likely to report her experience to officials. The Indian woman knows there's no use because it's happening to everyone, so she figures she might as well get used

One thing I did notice on my own, however, is that people in India, no matter what they're going through, are determined to be happy. It was impossible to feel unhappy there. I didn't bring it up with my aunt on the ride back home because I'm sure she'd beg to differ. The grass is always greener on

to it.

the other side, but in this case, I feel like the garden gnome that's just about touching the neighbors' lawn. I understand both points of view enough to put two-and-two together.

The result is quite a bit less shallow than telling Americans to shut up because others have it worse. It comes down to each country taking what it can from the other. I think a political system like America's might benefit India, as it makes the public truly involved, whether they like it or not. Americans can learn a more positive attitude about life from Indian society, one that takes things in stride. It's an uncommon marriage, but personally, the two cultures don't clash as much as one might think.



THE 9 THINGS STUDENT

BY ERIC THOR

UNACCEPTABLE TOPICS OF CONVERSATION

Student Life works to combat negative stereotypes about the university as well as other negative components of campus culture. We expect our student team to join us in this process and avoid discussing the following while at work, event or meeting. Remember you are a representative of the University. It is important to be wise with our words and make sure you are conveying a positive, accurate message. The following is a list of topics we find to be unacceptable to be discussed while in uniform/working for Student Life. Please be aware this is not a comprehensive list of all unacceptable topics and a supervisor may make note of other commentary that is negative or unprofessional.

> **RU Screw** Alcohol, Drinking, Drugs Profanity Ratemyprofessor.com **Drunk Bus** DC++ Negativity about university programs or services Parties or Partying

Bad-mouthing a professor or another staff member

The secrets that aren't actually secrets at all

RU SCREW

It is inevitable. Rutgers will, without a doubt, screw you over at some point. The university is juggling you among tens of thousands of other students, each of whom are entrusting it with their hopes, their dreams, and piles of money. If you go to any university, large or small, at some point things won't go your way. You can look to Rutgers as that loosely-connected friend who seems pretty chill, but you're just not too sure yet. Sure, you can probably trust them to be decent, but they're not always going to pull through, and they might even end up stealing your money.

ALCOHOL, DRINKING, DRUGS

I'm 21. I drink. Sometimes I go to Clydz and sip a wonderfully cheap delicious martini. I, and many other Rutgers students, can handle that and more. Though according to New Jersey state law, Eric from a few months ago can't really handle all that responsibility. Drinking laws are like any other law: arbitrary, often forged out of trivial politics, and misguided (see the Prohibition era). If you're of age or otherwise, responsibility is key in whatever you decide to do. An umbrella rule: make sure you "Keep It Classy" and be careful with Everclear. Also, crack is still—and will forever be-whack.

PROFANITY

Fuck this. Even professors are allowed to curse! Sure, profanity can be used to invoke an air of rebelliousness, but people can also employ profane words to convey their convictions, emote their emotions, express themselves. There is something very cathartic about calling someone a "motherfucking asshole," you know? Regardless of which state you're from, what languages you may or may not speak, it translates. Profanities are words that are essential in any sort of human diction for communicating the rawest, crudest form of our sensibilities. So fuck everything about this.

RATEMYPROFESSOR.COM

Yes, Rutgers does have its own professor rating system, but, quite frankly, it sucks. Extracting sensible data about the effectiveness of your professor is quite the odyssey. Trek over to the forlorn website, where you enter your ID into a digitally-archaic system, dodge pop-ups disclaiming the mythic ratings, and scour for your preferred department in a large dropdown menu that lists hundreds of Rutgers departments that you're not even looking for. If you're actually able to successfully navigate to the ratings section of the website, you're presented with pages listing dozens of professors, each result littered with superfluous amounts of numerical data abstracting any sort of takeaway. Very few students have ever gotten this far, so congratulations! And hey, until Rutgers has a superior system for indicating teacher hotness, I'm sticking with Rate My Professor.

DRUNK BUS

There is one absolute truth about Rutgers. Over time, you will come to understand it as the ultimate truth, a truth stringing together the very fabric of our university. The truth is that at every available opportunity, whether reasonable or otherwise, Rutgers will employ puns. Enter the Knight Mover. As you drunkenly smash 732-932-7433 into your iPhone, dare you demand the "Drunk Bus." You shall be left abandoned. Rotting in your inebriated stupor, oh what hubris! It is the Knight Mover, not the Drunk Bus, no, not the sensiblynamed Night Mover, the Knight Mover. You're a Knight and it shall be your chariot. Or not.

Torrents are awesome. DC++ and its Apple OS counterpart Shakespeer are even better! They're free file-sharing clients that allow students to share files among one another via direct connection at extremely high speeds. DC++ is only available to students that are living on campus, and you can only access it while connected to an Ethernet port. It's much better than running around your dorm throwing USB sticks across the hall. Your RA will probably feign knowledge of its existence and instead prompt you go to some shitty residence hall movie night. So just read an online guide on how to install it instead.

NEGATIVITY ABOUT UNIVERSITY PROGRAMS OR SERVICES

That Student Life won't talk about this makes complete sense. The repetition of our university's blaring shortcomings becomes tedious. Also, finding the positive side of things is a tantalizing challenge involving a great deal of cognitive dissonance: The football program deserves vast swaths of money because it's an investment for our future with clearly-defined positive outcomes! (Oh. Okay.) The busing system is excellent! (There are at least five LXs idling, waiting for me to get on.) Brower food tastes and digests perfectly! (Tell that to my toilet.)

PARTIES OR **PARTYING**

I personally don't attend too many nowadays, and even in my college youth three years back I opted for more personal affairs. But raging keggers with swampy sauna-like basements emanating the strong odor of stale cheap beer—oh, the ephemeral essence of college! You have to attend at least one. If you're in college and haven't experienced a wild house party or anything of the related sort, carpe diem, seize the day, YOLO! Get your ratios in check, affix your feet upon those rinky-dink heels, shimmy into that short short skirt, button a few less buttons, spray on your succor, straighten your hairs, shave your hairs, spray your hairs, and set out into the night. For it is your oyster!

BAD-MOUTHING A PROFESSOR OR ANOTHER **STAFF MEMBER**

Let's face it: there are some really shitty professors and staff out there. You will inevitably come across them over the years. It's quite hard to avoid them, especially since Rutgers isn't the most prompt about fleecing out incompetence. Sure, you can drop the class, but by the time you learn that the professor's a total fucking asshole, it's too late. If a Professor or someone who works at Rutgers is utterly, empirically, or objectively shitty, then it really would be kind of Rutgers to share that. But since that doesn't happen, once again Rate My Professor is your friend.

CULTURE



The time for sleep is now

f you've ever seen the show Louie, you know that Louis C.K. is a cynical bastard. But, he makes some significant statements about life which are quite funny. One episode opens with Louie driving his daughters, the youngest endlessly chanting "I'm bored." Louie snaps: "'I'm bored' is a useless thing to say. I mean, you live in a great, big, vast world that you've seen no percent of. Even the inside of your own mind is endless; it goes on forever, inwardly, do you understand? The fact that you're alive is amazing, so you don't get to say 'I'm bored.""

This struck a chord. I am extremely guilty of complaining about boredom. "I'm sooooo bored" is a contagious statement. How ungrateful and uncreative am I to ever be bored? Since most of us grew up under the great influence of media, it seems perfectly normal to spend free time watching TV or reading a magazine. These things are no longer commodified but an integral part of how we interact and function. So, when the season of Breaking Bad ends or heaven forbid your Internet connection is down, boredom strikes.

But why do we have to be spoon-fed entertainment? We as a society are fascinated by extreme events which give us something to talk about. Without war stories, natural disasters, etc., the news looks bleak. This goes for other entertainment as well. Think about the game Diablo III. Months ago the hype was extreme, gamers of the world happily

getting lost in its fantasy world. But what happened when they finished the game? Boredom.

How can we break this cycle? We can use the impeding information age to our advantage, to never be bored again. A major part of keeping from boredom is acceptance. We can learn to accept that even though we are not watching Dexter or playing the latest video game, we can be fulfilled with other activities.

As Louie says, "the inside of your own mind is endless." Some philosophers argue that consciously experiencing the present moment is the greatest thing you can do. Yet Louie also recognizes that we live in a huge, intricate world that we haven't even begun to explore. If you're not trapped inside of your own mind, take a step out of your comfort zone to experience the world and new entertainment. Walk around parts of your town you haven't seen. (Try not to be featured in the next crime alert though.) Go to new places; seek your own destination. Breaking out of the entertainment routine is liberating and provides a new outlook on living.

We must stop the ideology that we should be leechy consumers of the entertainment industry. This false sense of freedom is a strain on the potential that we all have to create something of ourselves. There are an infinite amount of things we could do to express our creativity and personhood. Now go, stop reading this, and create your own entertainment. Right now. GO. R

PHOTO BY RITA PINKUSEVICH



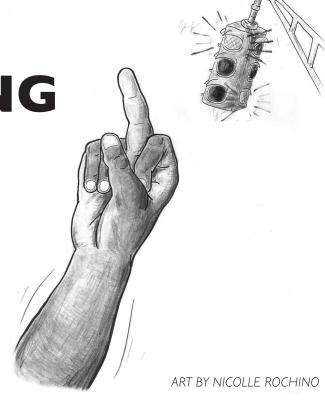
COMMUTING SUCKS

BY STEVEN GRYSZEL

THE BROKE COLLEGE STUDENT TROPE NEVER GETS OLD. We all empathize with the disillusionment of having an empty wallet. However, not as many of us know about the pains of an empty gas tank or the feeling of missing that train. Yes, I'm one of those commuter types.

I hoped in this article I would come up with something unexpected, maybe even groundbreaking in some ludicrous or hilariously-true respect. I thought that maybe, just maybe, I could highlight the positive aspects of commuting. I mean c'mon, you commuters know those positive aspects right? It's all about getting up enthusiastically each morning, giving a jovial "good morning" to good ol' mom and pops, eating a well-balanced breakfast, starting up that nice ride of yours, and heading out with a big grin because you're a commuter and nothing in this world can stop you.

But let's be real: the only bragging right that a commuter has is saving money, and even that comes at the expense of not living on campus. A positive account would be doing great injustice to this community of jaded students who take that extra mile (literally) every day. Glancing at my beat-up 95 Acura Integra in its Livingston parking lot space, I realize this feeling can only be expressed simply; there is no need to recontextualize my thoughts into something greater. So basically, commuting sucks, a whole lot. And it sucks so simply that it deserves no more (and no less) than a concise—and hopefully well-appreciated—Top Five.



1. Socializing? About five times harder.

As a commuter, you truly have to force yourself into social situations. It can be overwhelming to know that you need to actively get involved rather than let your college social life unfold naturally as you spend most of your time around campus.

2. You can't shake that outcast feeling.

People who live together on campus tend to form a much stronger bond. As a commuter you always have the view of an outsider looking in as each day you re-enter and then leave the Rutgers sphere.

3. Transportation is always a fickle thing.

If your car breaks down or your train or bus is rescheduled, hopefully you're in walking distance. Otherwise you are absolutely fucked.

4. Finding a comfortable place to stay Friday and Saturday nights is always a hassle.

It's Friday night, you got invited to a party. You would probably prefer to not sleep on or meander the streets of New Brunswick. You always have the option to sleep in your car, but that sucks. Of course you go with the option to sleep on someone's floor or beer-stained couch.

5. You're bound to get a parking ticket.

You're only given the option to park in one assigned zone during the semester. There's no possible way you're not going to feel the urge to park closer to your class on that other campus. All I have to say: good luck avoiding the ticket you're bound to get.

Outsider SH!T

by MARGARITA ROSARIO

f you are an avid Review reader, there is a significant chance that you are a low-culture loving, pseudo-anarchist "rebel" with a soul for jazz, who spends nights and weekends doing shitty art and refuses to watch TV because it is way too mainstream and it makes you stupid. It's okay—I am too. I have also come to the poorly-thought-out assumption that you do not see the terms "high art" or "high culture" positively. You find that high art limits the creative mind and marginalizes low-budget artists from the art world. You refuse to contribute to anything that has been popularized because you do not believe in the tasteless spirit of pop culture.

That's cool, dude. I feel you. But pop culture has two divisions: high culture and low culture. Think of high culture as the ballet, the MOMA, haute couture shows, Beethoven, and artistic and historical photography. Low culture is reality TV shows, advertising, most of today's radio, soap operas, and well...Kathy Griffin. There's a vast gap between these categories, and most of us artists fall right in the middle. But we have an approaching issue here: 1960's low culture is now part of today's high culture. Take, for example, Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac. These pot-smoking, "low art" producing artists were considered way below the high-culture line in their era. Today, however, knowing their work scores you major high art literature points.

So what the hell? The margins are expanding, and I wonder: is art losing its steam or is the art world coming to accept more types of art into their once-exclusive category? Now, I'm thrilled that the prominent faces of the Beat Generation made it to high culture, but man, advertising? That shit's next and it won't be cool. Can you

imagine your children contemplating the artistic significance of the latest McDonald's commercial or idolizing the short chick from *7ersey Shore?* So how do we distinguish between tasteless shit and high class talent when the rules of previous generations no longer apply?

THE MARGINS ARE EXPANDING, AND I WONDER: IS ART LOSING ITS STEAM OR IS THE ART WORLD COMING TO ACCEPT MORE TYPES OF ART INTO THEIR ONCE-**EXCLUSIVE CATEGORY?**

Create good shit. Create good shit so that our children have something genuine to idolize, even if that means creating a beautiful 30-pound dress. Ignore the notion of both high art and low art and create good shit so that there's something after "Generation Z". Create good shit so that our generation's struggles can be remembered by words, images, and songs. Create good shit to change the face of America. Create good shit because bad shit is too mainstream and it makes you stupid.

A BABBLE OF VOICES

by Kristin Baresich

Books are the obvious choice, but movies and songs work too. Shawshank Redemption, Middlemarch, Harry Potter, Catcher in the Rye—what they have to offer cuts across genre or literary quality or even media as a whole. Anything that tells a story has layers of meaning and little tidbits of wisdom embedded in the plot, and I'm addicted to collecting it.

Sometimes it's just a phrase that catches my eye, sparks in my head, and makes me think, "I know exactly what you mean." I never get tired of the little thrill that comes with finding something true and thought-provoking or the weird relief in knowing that my trove of good ideas is well-stocked. Whether I'm reading an article for my lit seminar or a fortune cookie, I'm always on the lookout for new insight. Sort of the moral equivalent to "When in doubt, throw it out." When I am in doubt, which is often, it's always nice to have a little perspective so I make fewer of the stupid decisions that come out of a frazzled, over-analyzing brain.

So I scribble down all the pseudo-philosophy that comes my way. But when I look back on the corners of my notebook pages and the sticky notes taped in discreet places on my desk, it all seems so stale and flavorless. The quotes that read like modern-day Nietzsche two weeks ago now feel like picture frames emblazoned with "Live Love Laugh." The substance is still there, but it's hollow. "Nothing gold can stay," indeed.

What does this mean? Is nothing unconditionally true anymore? Has my assortment of observations become worthless (excluding, of course, "Things fall apart")?

I don't necessarily think so. Perhaps I do need to be a bit more discriminatory in my collection. But for as many astute observations that can stand on their own, there are plenty more for which the focal point does depend on the context. If I could only notice the full effect of one line when it was sprinkled into a scene on a page, I cannot expect it to retain its luster when it is isolated, typed hastily into the Notepad on my phone.

It's a matter of keeping the connection to the original experience. Just as "Don't touch the stove" doesn't mean a whole lot unless you have the memory of burning your finger to support it, my bits of wisdom have much more significance when blended with the details of the situations that prompted them than they have when mushed together in my clumsy anthology. And in the words of writer Justin Chin:

"Along the way, you will find a babble of voices: others, based on their situations, who will tell you where and what you are whether you choose to believe it or not."

Maybe it's enough just to discern the melody in the babble of voices without extracting it so that the rhythm doesn't break.



HOW THE FUCK I ENDED UP AT A BLONDIE CONCERT

Sometimes when I'm angry I make impulsive decisions. And by sometimes, I mean always.

Flashback to a rainy Sunday night a few weeks back: go to dance audition (after practicing religiously for weeks, feeling like for once I'd make it past the elitist barriers lovingly referred to as "catty dancer favoritism"), then casually split my knee open while rockin' a 6-step like the hip-hop queen I am. (Clearly, I don't get in.) Having then suffered one-too-many rejections from the ever-so-lovely Rutgers Performing Dance Company audition dances, I was bitter. And by bitter, I mean pissed as all hell and ready to shank anyone in sight. So naturally, I quit.

Now call it angry bitterness or call it fate, but upon quitting, I noted a beacon of hope on my Facebook feed, in the form of a status: "Someone come see Blondie with me!!" You're probably thinking that makes no sense. But bear with me. This concert, held at our very own State Theater, was at the same time as the aforementioned re-

AS SOON AS SHE STEPPED ON STAGE, I REALIZED IT WAS FATE—AND NOT **JUST IMPULSIVELY-ANGRY** TICKET-PURCHASING— THAT BROUGHT ME INTO THE PRESENCE OF **BLONDIE'S FABULOSITY** THAT FVFNING.

jection-dance. So again, naturallyin my typical impulsive fashion—I bought a ticket. On spite. I'm not really sure who I thought I was spiting, but I guess I figured that "HA none of you in that dumb dance can see Blondie HAHAHA sux 2 be u," when in reality none of them

probably wanted to see Blondie anyway.

However, I now had a ticket to see an 80s pop star with a kid I barely knew on a Tuesday night, when most college kids are either (not) doing homework or getting shwasty-faced on twodollar beverages. And whether or not I knew more than three of her songs was irrelevant because, on spite, I had to follow through with my impulsive decision and suck it up. Not to mention, I already trekked the ten-minute walk and spent a whopping 25 bucks, so the deed was done.

Flash-forward: Blondie (a.k.a. Debbie Harry) struts her 67-year-old self onto that stage, wearing an outfit so fabulous and sparkly that she basically radiates awesome. I can't take my eyes off the stage for fear of missing one of her fantastically-quirky dance moves, her fascinatingly-bleachblonde hairstyle, or her super-incredible rainbow light show in the background. She and the band members (also rockin' out like you wouldn't believe) work that half-empty State Theatre like it's the greatest place in the history of the universe, when in reality it's just the Brunz on a Tuesday and the average age in the audience is probably 45.

As soon as she stepped on stage, I realized it was fate—and not just impulsively-angry ticketpurchasing—that brought me into the presence of Blondie's fabulosity that evening. Splitting my knee open and letting bitterness be my guide was a blessing in disguise. Watching her work that room, I concluded that real art, real entertainmentit's about passion. It's not about the pirouettes or catty favoritism; it's about the half-empty Tuesday nights. It's about inspiring a bitterly-impulsive college kid to write something like this.

Excruciatingly

by Sally Reisch

A meme is a cultural style, behavior or idea that spreads through culture, transmitted from one mind to another—a meme self-replicates, mutates and responds to selective pressure, like a gene.

In an interview, Adbusters founder Kalle Lasn tells activists, "We need to realize that there are certain kinds of memes coming out of the media and corporations and that if we are going to create a different kind of future then we have to have the memes and hope that the best ideas win."

In his book Culture Jam, Lasn suggests that the next war will be fought with memes. He writes, "It will be a dirty, no-holds-barred propaganda war of competing worldviews and alternative visions of the future."

Culture Jam is instructive of meme warfare. What Lasn calls a "leverage point" is crucial to launching a successful meme. A leverage point is that "little fissure" in any social problem that one can "squeeze a crowbar into and heave...When pressure is applied there, memes start replicating, minds start changing and, in time, the whole culture moves."

It is apparent that Occupy Wall Street was involved in meme warfare with the successful "99%" idea. Although many of the ideas of the movement were powerless in the face of the news, "We are the 99%" got people thinking and talking about wealth stratification: a meaningful concern in a capitalist economy.

A meme is something that spreads like wildfire, replicates like DNA, and invades language. The visual memes that are popular on Reddit.com show that the internet is very conducive to this type of phenomenon. And it's no wonder: in virtual space, words and images are consistently cheap and infinitely replicated, and Internet users have an impulse to share. But there are still traditional memes that come out of the consumer culture today. These memes are thinly-veiled and more revelatory about the state of the nation than any Pew poll.

One word... well, four: You Only Live Once (YOLO).

My research of the recent **YOLO** phenomenon led me to entertainment sensation Drake. Of course! You can't make this up. His song "The Motto" popularized YOLO as it is in its current usage. I recall a popular commercial in the height of Drake's **YOLO** fame—he was in a recording studio, and in a sci-fi

kind of way burst into Sprite. Or rather, the Sprite burst out of him; apparently it was pumping through his veins all along.

The most recent piece of **YOLO** news that you might have heard, if you talk to people, is that an "up and coming" rapper tweeted #yolo moments before he died in a drunk driving accident. But it wasn't really a drunk driving accident; it was drunk driving on purpose and tweeting and **YOLO**ing so much that he

In my understanding, **YOLO** more or less is synonymous with "Fuck it." It's a drunken spirit-shrug followed by a shot of tequila or something like that. YO-LOing is kind of something you can do. It is YOLO in there. Do you have a picture in your mind? I kind of do; it's bleak, like the garbage-grass of Louis Street on a Saturday night. See what I'm saying? YOLO is not just an acronym for a longer phrase; it embodies a whole lifestyle.

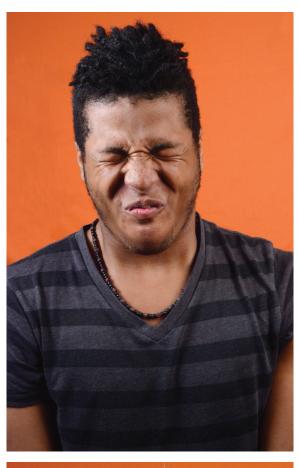
YOLO is "fuckit" empowered by the energetic part of ourselves. Not a passive "fuck it" but an active one; the kind us Americans have to employ now that things are the way they are. **YOLO** is the fuckit lifestyle. It's apocalyptic without the biblical jubilee. The term is used in the second person, as if it were advice that someone told us. Imagine a father placing his hand on his son's shoulder, halting the geisting process for a moment of direction culminating in "you only live once, son."

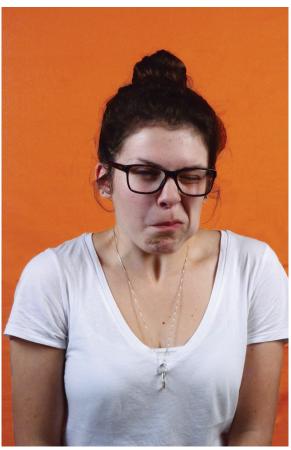
This didn't happen. What did? Who told us that we only live once? Our culture industry, perhaps, but it spread because it hearkens to something intimate about us. **YOLO** is an expression of the neurotically excessive part of ourselves. It's a shriek that strengthens our cognitive dissonance as we kick those red cups along the sidewalks of New Brunswick. We are "meme warriors" in the sense that we harbor lifestyles that are sometimes shaped by finite cultural phrases like **YOLO**. **YOLO** is ammunition, and we were armed with it by Drake & Lil Wayne. You only live once, so live more—buy Sprite, buy Pepsi, buy this image of Drake, uphold the status quo, don't think too much. YOLO!

ALL THE SOUR FACES



Agony for the sake of art and Warheads







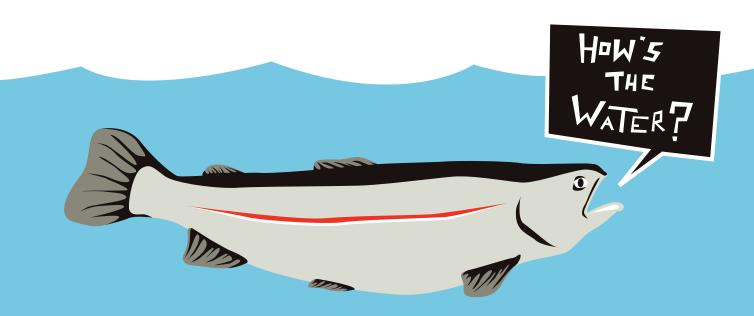


AS EACH DAY COMMENCES

by Sam Katz

y freshman year I was given a commencement speech to read entitled "This is Water" by writer and essayist David ┗ Foster Wallace from the Kenyan College 2005 graduation ceremony. I was instantly hooked. Wallace has a way of vocalizing what you've always pondered but were too afraid to say. The speech begins with two fish talking to each another and one fish asking, "How's the water?" Another fish responds by saying "What the hell is water?" With fish, Wallace shows us how easily we can be misguided by something so pervasive, so in our faces, that we have no idea what it even means or how it benefits us anymore. Wallace explains to his audience, "The immediate point of the fish story is that the most obvious, ubiquitous, important realities are often the ones that are the hardest to see and talk about." Any little thing that surrounds us, such as the water that fish swim in, is something so small and minor but yet so large at the same time, and we have no real concept of how important it is.

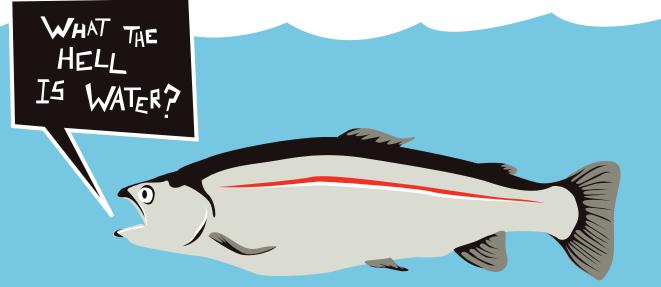
I realized after reading the speech, my freshman year, that a graduation speech is relevant at any age. I am now a sophomore and still find the speech enlightening. It made me wonder: why do commencement speeches always come at the end of all of our hard work? After



all, we could use them in the beginning, too. Sure, some speeches are a cliché; we are going to be told how tough our future will be and how "we can do it." We also are going to zone out twenty minutes in. But some speeches are a success, like with the fish example. Wallace uses other simplicities to explain how easily our viewpoint can become a "natural default setting," where we continue to look at certain things in the same negative way, when just by altering our mindsets, we can change our perspective on everything. The speech is meant to teach us how to think and how to be able to alter our own "natural default setting." Although the speech was meant for college graduates, developing a critical eye is a concept that we all could use at any time in our lives.

Wallace speaks about freedom and how the greatest kind of freedom is something rarely talked about: "The really important kind of freedom involves attention, and awareness, and discipline, and effort, and being able to truly care about other people and to sacrifice for them, over and over, in myriad petty little un-sexy ways, everyday." From this we learn that a person's freedom is their ability to do whatever the hell they want, in whatever way they choose. It is not necessarily what we have learned or what we have been taught to learn; it is our freedom and the way we use it which will determine whether we can be made a success. We are each meant to understand our own individual freedom, to apply it in our own ways, and to make it useful for others.

Any set of words, advice, feelings, or explanations can be relevant and used at any point in our lives. Wallace's speech does not just apply to college graduates but to anyone because it opens and tinkers the little bud of emotion, not yet flourished, inside of us. Somewhere, someone, is feeling exactly like us or radically different. But if we think pervasively, alter this "natural default setting," accept that things will never really go as planned, and, as Wallace says, "stay conscious and live, day in and out," then we too can prosper.



DJ VAEGA: on making people dance

by KATIE SOTO illustration by TRUMAN LAHR

Mike never thought that he would be able to have the opportunities that he's had, especially since he began to DJ only a year ago. Initially a statistics major, Mike accidentally found his niche for mixing with the help of

YouTube.

"IN THE END IT'S NOT ABOUT ME. IT'S ABOUT MAKING PEOPLE DANCE. FRANKLY, I'D BE HAPPY IN A CORNER, JUST SEEING PEOPLE DANCE."

Originally from Holmdel, NJ, Mike Lee, also known as DJ Vaega, went from DJing for local house parties to DJing at Pacha Nightclub in the city.

"One night I was hanging out and listening to a song on You-Tube and accidentally opened up another song in another window and they just happened to

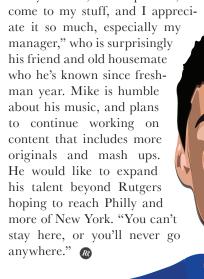
match up and they sounded really cool together. My friend started showing me some DJ software so I tried it out," Mike said. His DJing career blew up this summer when his manager set up his first gig at a bar at the good-old Jersey Shore. "All of it happened so fast, and kinda sudden, all in one month. August was a huge month for me." After a couple of times DJing the bar scene, his next big gig would be a life changer.

Mike had an overwhelming experience DJing at Pacha Nightclub after a long day raving at Electric Zoo. One could imagine the nerves he had before his set, but surprisingly he felt otherwise. "It was exhilarating! I went into this zone, when I get really into it, I don't really notice that there's anyone around and start playing for myself." Mike considers his sound to be more techythan most progressive house, which has become more popular. In a way, it has affected his performances. "I have to incorporate more progressive and electro house into my sets; I play more underground than what people are used to."

As DJs are becoming well-known, EDM is beginning to have a different facade over the original techno sound. Playing at Pacha the second time around allowed him to get more exposure. Mike played during Porter Robinson and Zedd when the night club was filled with ragers to see the major headliners, who also gave him a different audience. Mike said, "For me, I use

mainstream to bring people to the underground; when I'm playing here [at parties], I play more mainstream, but play little tech-y sounds. Then if they come see me, they can see more underground. People are getting sick of the same songs. As a DJ, we shouldn't just be mixing sounds, but we should be creating a new experience. As a DJ, you have to change it."

Fortunately for Mike, his road to success has not been a lonely one, "I would not be here without any of my friends," he explained, "They





FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT MIKE LEE GO TO:

facebook.com/djvaega and soundcloud.com/vaega



Droppin' sick beats about #thestruggle

IAN CAMERON, at first glance, is just another Rutgers sophomore, albeit a little more swagged out. If anyone could rock Beats by Dre headphones, it's this kid

Those Beats, though, give hint to his craft: rapping. The New York City native first picked up a guitar at the ripe age of ten. "When I was young I was always good at math," he says. "But I was also in love with music. But I'd never thought I'd be able to be a musician. But at ten I picked up a guitar, and before that I'd been beat-boxing, and that made me want to start playing the drums, but my parents thought that would be too loud, so they got me a guitar instead; and since then I wanted to be a musician."

Cameron continued playing the guitar but didn't think he would ever make it doing so. "I knew I wouldn't make it as just a guitarist. I thought I'd just manage some people so I could do math and music at the same time." It was around that time that he started to hang out with some kids who loved rap and would freestyle for fun. Cameron already loved rap and had grown up listening to hip-hop, but this group of friends helped him to get into rap even more.

Cameron had always spit rapid fire in his head but was too shy to get sick with the flow out loud. He was by Lizzie Roberts

forced to get his flow out in the open when he was using drugs and finally got caught selling. He volunteered to put himself in an outpatient rehab program. "There was a lot of time to kill between meetings and sessions and groups; we had this killer soundsystem in there where you could plug your ipod, and my friends and I would do that then freestyle over tracks, like Ratatat; freestyle about random shit, about doing drugs, about getting sober, about having fun. And doing stupid stuff, and we did do stupid stuff, and it was a fun time." Cameron thinks that if he hadn't gone to rehab, he wouldn't

be a rapper and would have way less material to rap about.

Cameron honed his craft in rehab, and some time after he got out, he released his first mixtape, *Clarification*, which features thirteen songs. "What I wanted to say [on *Clarification*] is to clarify who I am. There's some songs on there that are really good. However, I don't think it portrayed me as who I want to be and how I want people to see me," Cameron says.

While Clarification features a more electronic sound and popular beats, his current project, 2.0, veers away from the electronic sound. "The current mixtape I'm working on is 2.0, which is more jazz-influenced and uses more samples." Cameron has always worked hard on his lyricism and flow, "I've worked on my flow a lot and changed it around more, I'm trying to sound more fluid rather than choppy, be able to go fast and slow and tell stories but all from my perspective and what I've been through in my life. It'll end up being 10 songs." Cameron's newfound flow and intricate, thoughtful lyricism can be heard on tracks such as "Amazing Grace", which samples the popular tune, and "For the People", which exhibits Cameron's introverted lyricism.

CHECK OUT ACQUIRED DESIRE'S SICK FLOW AT SOUNDCLOUD.COM/IANMCI6

BY KELLY BARTON

I don't have the money for drugs or a room full of scantily-clad men at my disposal. And I'm trying, without much progress (or effort), to eat less chocolate and drink less alcohol. It would seem that I'm running a little dry on highs. But I've suffered these ailments for years, and I've managed to get through life without feeling immensely dissatisfied. In fact, I'd say I have hours of pure ecstasy on a weekly basis.

Like a lead in Cosmo, you're probably thinking, "What's her secret?" But what gets me off is the farthest from a secret. I've just been in a seriously dedicated relationship for years, 21 to be specific.

We've had our good times roll, and we've had our lost weekends. But like any other relationship we always manage to get things back on track, and that's why Music is the best mate I'll ever have.

Music is a physical experience: last January McGill University released a study that proved that musical climaxes were almost direct equivalents to orgasms. That buttery feeling you get when you eat an awesome hunk of chocolate or get ogled at by someone you've had your eyes on comes from dopamine, which is the same stuff that causes the sweetness of a drug-induced high and, of course, the moment you cum.

According to the study, that same high happens right when the tension in a song is about to break, like in those songs that give you chills and make you want to melt into whatever's surrounding you're in that moment. Despite the questioned validity of the study, when I first read the article on the New York Post's website, it was as if my life finally made sense. All those songs that gave me chills were literally dope, and my outwardly stimulant-free lifestyle was finally explained.

While it's obvious that the right music can "set the mood," the McGill study brought to light the fact that picking the best playlist to have sex during is a little bit more complicated than popping in a Marvin Gaye album. Just as you pick your significant other, the music that gets us off is biologically adaptive. You love that new Kanye song for the same reason dat ass looks good: evolution (and maybe a little bit of media brainwashing) made those pupils dilate and that heart palpitate.

And for those of us that consider ourselves super-listeners, perhaps picking the best jams to get it on to isn't a herculean task. It might be a little difficult to pick out what songs will give your lover that bass-driven bang they've been craving.

I've compiled for you a list of what I believe are The Top Five Best Albums To Fuck To or The Top Five Albums That Feel Like Fucking from the past ten years. Not what you'd ordinarily expect both structurally and lyrically speaking, these are my picks based on the physical experience each album provides.

#5: Backatown by Trombone Shorty, 2010

Sexiest Song: "On Your Way Down" Sweetest Song: "Something Beautiful"

Firstly, this album has organs on it. Secondly Trombone Shorty has a bunch of jazz awards, but most notably, never has anyone made a trombone so attractive. While picking an album from the jazz category is slightly more obvious than the rest of this list, there's a reason why jazz is considered so sexy. This album is smooth yet exhilarating and will set your body alight unlike what you're used to in elevators.

#4: Mandala by RX Bandits, 2009

Sexiest Song: "Hope Is a Butterfly, No Net Its Captor."

Sweetest Song: "White Lies"

A lot of this album feels like Matt Embree is whispering divine secrets into your ears, and what could be sexier than that? The interesting percussion, riffs, and harmonies are dripping with beauty and intensity. The album may seem slightly off kilter for this subject, but if you let yourself sink into each instrument you'll find chills all over your body.

#3: Plastic Beach by Gorillaz, 2010

Sexiest Song: "Rhinestone Eyes" Sweetest Song: "Melancholy Hill"

Not only is this album stuffed with guest performances that you're destined to please your auditory senses with, but almost every song has an awesome build up consistently paired with a killer bassline. Bobby Womack also stars on these electronic jams with both a killer groove on "Stylo" and a subdued ballad on "Cloud of Unknowing."

#2: The Always Open Mouth by Fear Before, 2006

Sexiest Song: "The Waiting Makes Me Curious"

Sweetest Song: "Absolute Future"

Fear Before isn't known for oozing sex appeal, and the eerie mood of this album may be difficult to overlook. But what The Always Open Mouth perfects are musical climaxes. Each song has a build up that gives you shivers till it breaks, and if you let the music engulf you, once that break hits you'll feel like the percussion and your heart are one in the same.

#1: Church Mouth by Portugal. The Man, 2007

Sexiest Song: "Sun Brother" Sweetest Song: "Shade"

This pick may stem from extreme personal bias, but hey man, that's biology. Portugal. The Man are known for their ability to be a super-groovy jam band during live performances, and Church Mouth is a perfect example of such. Maybe jamming isn't what turns you on, but each groove is matched with John Gourley's androgynous falsetto. Those features combined makes this album a sort of icy-hot experience even better than those fire and ice Trojans.



words and photo by Christina Milazzo

Two brothers, both princes, dreamt all their lives of becoming kings. The elder brother went off to conquer the North, while the younger stayed in the South. After years of hard work, the elder prince headed west to become king, but the younger brother hit hard times and had to drop out of The Royal Academy. Then the brothers reunited, made music, and went on an international tour, rapping their story in front of the fans of their faithful royal court. Okay, maybe that last part requires some explanation.

We sat down with The Prince of Atlanta himself, Steve G. Lover, who's also the 25-year old baby brother of Donald Glover, aka Childish Gambino. His Frequent Flyer LP and Summer of Steve mixtape are full of triumphant

tracks about his journey from college kid to working rapper. Both also make literal reference to his nomad-esque lifestyle; although he's most recently a Southern export, he hails from New York City, works out of LA, and spent this past summer everywhere else, touring with his brother and the team they call their royal family. A self-described prince, college-dropout, and dreamer, Steve G. is definitely young and hungry, but he's certainly not Childish.

Does being the little brother of someone who blew up so fast phase him? "No," he says, "Back in the day, back when I was younger, I wanted to be the best. To be the best rapper ever. That's still my goal, but now it's way more about just making music that's

good. Just making good music." To Steve, his older brother is a mentor and an inspiration. He's learned that the fans are the key to being great. "Instead of a competition to be the best," Steve clarifies, "it's more of a mission to make good music. Being the best doesn't necessarily mean that everyone likes or respects your stuff. I

IN STEVE'S WORLD. EVERYONE HAS THE CHANCE TO BE ROYALTY BY WORKING HARD ENOUGH AT WHAT THEY LOVE.

want consistency. So people are like, have you ever heard of Steve? Yeah, his shit rocks. Like, Steve's the truth."

And Steve isn't lying. His music echoes the troubles and triumphs of his own fans, who are more or less his age. On his manifesto-esque track "U Oughtta Know," he raps about working late nights-something to which we can unfortunately relate.

His tastes are also college-kid eclectic. He cites Southern influences like T.I., which permeate one of his most hype tracks, featuring Tew Gone, "Right There." Then he mentions old-school New York rappers as well as Korn, Smashing Pumpkins, and Bjork all in the same list of musical influences and past interests. "I'm still around the age of you guys," he smiles and gestures towards the theatre seats, where kids will flock later tonight: "So the fans remind me of myself."

But Steve isn't a college kid anymore, having dropped out after being strapped for cash, then turning to music full-time after his parents encouraged him to follow his dreams: "When college came around, me and my friends would all start freestyle rapping whenever we were together. I didn't start really writing and recording songs till after I left college. My parents were the ones who said 'If that's your

dream, music, then pursue it.' I didn't even expect them to be that cool." He encourages his fans to do the same, "Not necessarily dropping out but working your hardest to do what you wanna do."

Perhaps his parents are cool because they come from a royal bloodline. Well, not genetically royal, but Steve did put "Royalty" in the Glover family blood when he tattooed the word on his chest this past summer. Why? "Donald was talking about how we're all able to reach the dreams we want for each other. We're like the new American royalty. So, we're American Royalty. Then we started working on the mixtape, so it just sprung up from there. It's turned into like a whole movement, so it's dope. At first it was just something we said, and then it became something bigger, like a family."

In Steve's world, everyone has the chance to be royalty by working hard enough at what they love. Working hard on whatever beats were thrown his way lead him to where he is now, with more than fifty tracks to choose from for his upcoming release: "I just have a whole bunch of music. I'm ready to drop something soon. Listen to Frequent Flyer LP, and then just wait for the new stuff. For people who haven't listened yet, check the mixtapes and judge for yourself. The hardest and best part is choosing which ones to give to you, because ultimately, I want you to see my music as something you'd fuck with."

As for getting to the throne himself, Steve doesn't doubt the possibility, but he also realizes that it will take even more than the frequent flier miles and summers he's already racked up to get there: "I always call myself Steve G. the Prince because I'm still coming up. I'm not 100% where I want to be. There can be several kings, but I'm not there ... yet." R

THANK YOU FOR DREAMING, BUT I DON'T GIVE A FUCK

by Margarita Rosario



"AMERICA, THE GREAT LIBERATOR, IS IN DESPER-ATE NEED OF BEING LIBERATED FROM ITSELF-FROM ITS OWN EXCESSES AND ARROGANCE. AND THE WORLD NEEDS TO BE LIBERATED FROM AMER-ICAN VALUES AND CULTURE, SPREADING ACROSS THE PLANET AS IF BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE."

-KALLE LASN, CULTURE JAM

ow, we all know Lasn is talking about capitalism when he talks about "American" values and culture. We also know that by talking about capitalism, Lasn is addressing just the problems that the world needs to be liberated from-Lasn realized, just as many of us do, that we need to take a step away from overproduction, unequal distribution of freedom (oh, did I say freedom, I meant to say wealth), and from privatization of fucking everything. And of course Lasn would agree with all of this. In case this is news, Kalle Lasn launched the Occupy Wall Street protest, and the first call for it was posted in Adbusters, a magazine edited by Lasn himself. A year later, we live in similar or even worse conditions, all a product of our non-revolution. I think that by now we have all dismissed the assumption that the government is working to fix our money problems; we know that companies have been deregulated to the point where not even the Great Uh-Meh-Riká can control what its companies do or don't do to help. We have been left to hope that the economy will fix itself, cer-

tain that there must have been a glitch in the system, yet it is the system itself that is the glitch. We find that not only is the country that we thought we knew and loved failing us, our education, and our economy, but it is also fucking over the rest of the world too.

Not too long ago, I read Kalle Lasn's Culture Jam for Professor Jack Bratich's class Consumer Media Culture. By the time I finished the excerpt I was given, my entire thoughts on society had been completely overturned. I was a newborn all over again, scared and wanting to go back into a womb of security. I realized that the media was being paid (or even not paid) for every word that they said, without remorse. I recognized that public relations had somehow become truth, that our way of life was not the closest thing to "liberty," and most importantly, that the process of turning this around, while a simple one, would be an exhausting, long, and tedious adventure. Given the Occupy Wall Street movement and radical outbursts of frustration from the newly-named "99%", now more than ever is it important for us as Americans

to really pay attention to what goes on behind closed doors. We must take control of our economy, of our livelihoods, of our society.

Lasn writes, "On the American Campus—the great waiting room, the traditional place for radical demonstrations to ragenot much is happening. While Indonesian, Chinese, and Korean students fight corruption and injustice and shake up their nations, North American undergrads doze in the library. There's no real rush to finish a degree because what lies on the other side but debt, pavement pounding and the potential shame of boomeranging back home?" This quote hit home, and got me thinking that this man had more important things to say than any of us could collect on our own. I quickly began a vigorous attempt to get in contact with him. A few e-mails, phone calls, and frantic screams later, here's what Kalle Lasn had to say:

MR: When you were first inspired to fight against consumerism, did you ever imagine the Adbusters Media Foundation holding as much influence as it has to this point?

KL: I am still not sure that we have convinced so many people. I would say that over 90% of the people in North America are still following the consumer trend; they are not at all aware of the oxides of consumerism, the connection between consumerism and climate change, the connection between consumerism and this epidemic of mood disorders, or even the connection between consumerism and the American way of life...and this war against terrorism that we are forced to fight.

So the trick for breaking people out of their media and consumer trance is "culture jamming". I think that it is necessary to deliver epiphanies to wake them up from this very insidious dark side of consumerism.

MR: When I first read Culture Jam I learned so much about why we bought so much but

profited very little emotionally. What is the void that the act of consumption is supposed to be filling today?

KL: I think part of the reason is that there are now hundreds if not thousands of marketing messages that flow into our brains everyday whether we like it or not; all of those marketing messages tantalize us, use us, and make us feel that, boy, if I buy that car, then I can be happy, and if I buy these pair of jeans, then I can get a beautiful girlfriend or boyfriend. Every marketing message is basically saying that you can be happy if you buy this product. If you grow up in a culture where from the moment you are a little baby crawling around the TV set in your living room to the time when you make it to University in your late teens or early 20s, by that time you have been brainwashed into this culture of consumerism that convinces you that consumerism is the key to happiness. I think it's very very hard for people to escape from that.

To escape from this culture you have to be lucky. You have to maybe have had your parents spend a few months in Mexico, or you traveled to Africa, or you read some special book. Perhaps you may find something that breaks you out of that trance, and you have start living a different kind of life. For most people, they are recruited into the cult, and that's where they spend the rest of their lives.

MR: Much of the youth and even some parents are really angry that the media is producing this kind of misinformation. Although so very few Americans actually know about the problems that we are facing, I find that a lot of the people of college campuses are very much aware. I also find that a lot of these people are inclined to go, and do go, to events such as OWS. Do you think that OWS has had such a big turnout, such an unexpected turnout, because of the youth?

KL: Yes, I think that the core impulse behind the Occupy movement is that feeling,

for millions of youth around the word, that their future does not compute. That if they look into their future, at the next 30/40 years of their lives, it will be nothing like the lives their parents had. It will actually be full of ecological crises and warming temperatures...and the chances of them having a good lifelong job that allows them to pay off their student loans is very slim. And that politically, and about every other way, the future will be full of crises. So many of the people that join the Occupy movement are basically people who are standing up and realizing that unless they start fighting for a different kind of future, they're not going to have a future! So that is why I think that although this Occupy movement seems to be dying down and there is a big question mark in the air, that feeling that the youth have in the pit of their stomach is what is going to continue to help this movement build. I think that in the next two years we will see a curve-ball thrown into the global capitalist system.

MR: We are the first generation that has a clear concept of what a meme is. How does this alter the procedure of revolution?

KL: I think that the idea of a meme is a powerful concept. It gives you a new handle to dealing with what is happening every day-to the idea that we are all fighting a meme war. There is this idea [now] that there are a lot of info-viruses and bad memes floating around. I think that this is a powerful way to look at the world. We need to realize that there are certain kinds of memes coming out of the media and corporations and that if we are going to create a different kind of future then we have to have the memes and hope that be best ideas

MR: Do you think that this is the beginning of the information war or are we merely educating its leaders?

KL: Education is always the first step. First you have to wake up, get educated, and understand what is really going on in the world, and then after you've made up your mind and decide that things are going wrong, you have to move from just being educated to being a "meme warrior". But you can't be a "meme warrior" until you realize what the memes are. So in a way, it is a process that builds up to a life of activism.

MR: In Culture Jam you write "In the former Soviet Union we were not allowed to speak out against the government. In America today, you cannot speak out against the sponsors". This is one of the most powerful analogies I have ever read. I want to know if we (activists) are speaking right now and when will we speak loudly enough?

KL: As you know, I was born in Estonia where you were not allowed to speak against the government. So that is why I was so shocked that when many, many years later I find myself here and when we (Adbusters Media Foundation) have tried to buy air-time on television we were not able to do that. I think that that example is still very pertinent because there are certain ideas that are taboo; I think that consumer culture maintains the status quo by making sure that those taboo ideas never come out.

For example, one of the taboo ideas that

the Occupy movement launched, one of the most powerful memes, was this idea of the "1% vs. 99%". In a way, up to that point, it was taboo to say that because if you did then a whole bunch of people would come down and say that you are trying to start a class warfare and that you are speaking back against the "American Dream"...and what is wrong with being rich if they are good enough to do it?

It took the Occupy movement to launch this idea that it was not right to live in a country like ours—to have the one percent have all the "goodies" and ninety-nine percent of the people to have all the pain. In a way, the task of a very effective "meme warrior", the task of the "occupier", the task of the "culture jammer", is to identify those taboo ideas and then to launch them.

We have an obligation as observers to become speakers, as speakers to become leaders, and as leaders to become revolutionaries. The context for revolution is in place, comrades. The hatred of consumerism and a capitalist system is at a level that no news source bred by this system will tell you exists. This level is not Right nor Left. It is not radical nor passive. It is not far-reaching nor impractical. It is real, and it is necessary. My motives with this piece go beyond the hope that our determination and contribution to society will one day exceed our monetary power. It goes beyond the hope that one day my government will protect me from becoming hypnotized by ads and credit. It goes beyond the hope that you and I will see each other, not as members of a class system but as members of an equal society. It asks for all of those things simultaneously.

THIS IS NO LONGER THE MORNING OF REALIZATION: THIS IS THE NIGHT WHEN WE PLAN FOR EACH OTHER AND EDUCATE EACH OTHER. IT IS THE NIGHT WE BELIEVE WITH UTMOST CONVICTION THAT TOMORROW, THE GREATEST RENAISSANCE WE HAVE EVER SEEN WILL UNFOLD, AND BOY, WILL IT BE A FINE DAY.

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and I was going to be late for my		
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neighbor I did	realized it was definitely way past its expiration date. It hit my tongue with the taste of	, and
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Finally I made it to the classroom, only a few	me in the I yelled! and examined my BODY PART EXCLAMATION TYPE OF N	and
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MY FUTURE CHILDREN

BY ALYSIA SLOCUM
PHOTO BY KATHERINE SCHNEIDER



My future children have asked me for a better mother, one with a freshly set moral compass and respect for her liver and lungs.

They requested that she sleep more and spend less time lying in a ball, on the bathroom floor.

My future children asked for a better world, one with oxygen and remaining fossil fuels, a new plan for those plastic six pack soda holders. They begged me for a planet where people gave a shit and hug each other not just virtually on twitter.

My future children asked me for better genes, where they might stand a chance at not becoming an obsessive crackhead or a ferocious nymphomaniac. They wanted to live their lives in moderation, instead of being buried alive and asphyxiated by perfectionism

My future children asked me for a better sense of faith, for a land where their worries had a place to go and there were ears for their cries to fall on.

They hoped that they could live while hoping was still a thing and people were ok with something bigger being in charge.

They've demanded great body image and a culture of high self- esteem, a job market, global empathy, and a few less sweatshops. They shouted for an era of privacy and a bit more peace. They added to the list that they'd like the end of racial tension.

They also asked me for a dog, they nagged me for a growing middle class and a spot where we can still put our "poor and huddled masses".

They yearn for furniture made of real wood, the privilege of education And the right to marry whomever they choose.

But alas, my mouth only moved wordlessly in my helplessness.

ROLLING STONED

by Lizzie Roberts

Dubstep. What comes to mind when you hear the word? Skrillex, all dark hair and huge glasses, jumping frantically around behind a wall of bass? Or, if you're not the type that likes to be crushed by bass, maybe someone like Deadmau5, whose music is more intricately House-y and, arguably, not as appealing to the masses as Skrillex.

Another thing I think of when I hear dubstep: Molly, the purest form of ecstasy.

Molly, like our dear friend Skrillex, is becoming more and more appealing to the masses.

Electric Zoo Festival. Sunday, September 1st, 2012. Randall's Island, New York City.

Thousands of neon-clad youth crowd the small East River island, myself included, waiting to hear from the likes of Skrillex, Zed's Dead, Flux Pavilion, Benga, The Bloody Beatroots, and many others. Some come drunk, but, alas, alcohol is not the drug of choice at this festival.

Molly, or MDMA, was rampant at Electric Zoo. Everywhere I looked, Molly was working her magic. That kid over there, glazed eyes looking at someone wearing LED light gloves frantically waving their hands around as if it were the second coming of Jesus Christ. Those sweaty kids dancing, demonically stomping their feet into the ground and waving their arms.

I was offered Molly at Electric Zoo three times. At Electric Daisy Carnival, back in May, I was also offered Molly, from passerby and friends alike.

The easiness with which one can acquire Molly is somewhat astounding. It has become somewhat on par with the easiness with which one can acquire marijuana. If you know a drug dealer, you have easy access to Molly.

I often wonder how Molly became such a popular drug. A friend of mine infamously stated: "I've rolled more times than I have done pot." Like, what?

How does a drug that has the potential to burn holes in your brain become as almost as popular as weed?

I think that it's due, in part, to the cross-over of Electronic Dance Music, or EDM, to the mainstream. Music has always, throughout history, had a huge impact on youth and given voice and identity to the younger generations. Coincidentally, it has influenced youth. Think about it: Deadheads, Little Monsters, and now, kids who listen to EDM, which, I think, is on its way to becoming a subculture in and of itself. When one says they're going to a rave or dubstep show, it's synonymous with taking Molly. Older ravers have been taking Molly presumably for years since the late 1980s, when EDM first became popular and was primarily played in nightclubs and at raves. Back then, in the 80s, it was still a mainly European musical form. Fast forward to 2010, and precursors of EDM's success in America were evident. Skrillex, the man credited with bringing EDM to the forefront of the mainstream, dropped his first EP, My Name is Skrillex, in 2010. I think that with the immediacy of dubstep's popularity in America with that EP, Molly came back stronger than ever. Not to say that Skrillex was the first American EDM artist that people heard of. Deadmau5 paved the way for Skrill, but Skrillex brought dubstep to a larger scale and a larger audience; his crossover appeal was much greater. Kids going to raves, huge festivals, and EDM shows were—and are—almost expected to take Molly. It has become part of the live experience of EDM, which is why it's so easily accessible.

I was out at Pacha the other night, and some random bro in sunglasses came up and asked me if I was "looking for Molly."

My father, when I told him I was going to EZoo, asked if I was going to be doing Molly or ecstasy and what it felt like.

He hasn't ever asked me if I smoke weed.

by Lee Seltzer

Pads are

Rutgers is known to be one of the most politically and socially active campuses in the country. Indeed, many campaigns develop each and every year. One largely discussed topic has been the development of biker lanes. This is a noble cause, as it would benefit all the bikers that live on campus immensely. However, I argue that there is an even more pressing issue to be addressed with regard to cyclist-rights.

That issue is safety, and frankly, this university has done a despicable job of maintaining an appropriate level of biker-safety. I don't have any exact figures as a study has not been performed yet, but the vast majority of bikers (as well as users of non-conventional transportation methods such as skateboards and razor scooters) do not wear helmets when using their equipment. Even more shocking, it has been observed that a terrifying 0% use the appropriate elbow, knee, and wrist pads when riding!

This is terrible. Seriously, people could get hurt! Head injuries from irresponsible bicycle use lead to hundreds of deaths every year, with bicycle deaths representing 2% of all traffic casualties in 2009. Don't even get me started on those boarders too; it's very easy for them to fall doing those grinds and jumps. In fact, I propose that if this campus could get half of the boarders, bladers, segway riders (or gwayers), and bikers on campus to start using helmets and the appropriate pads, we could halve the amount of bruises at this university!

Now, we need to think of the reasons people do not use safety gear while using bikes and boards. To me, there are two very obvious reasons, which the university could work to solve very easily. A portion of this is financial reasons. One sad thing which is exemplified by the health care crisis in this country is that staying healthy is not affordable for

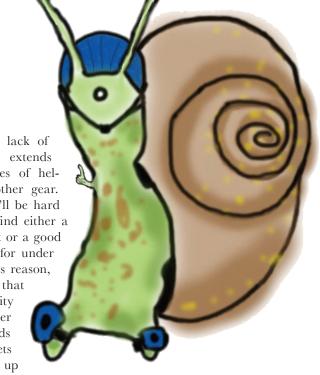
many. This lack of affordability extends to the prices of helmets and other gear. Indeed, you'll be hard pressed to find either a good helmet or a good set of pads for under \$30. For this reason, I propose that

the university make it easier get pads helmets and by setting up

a gear-exchange program. Through the gear-exchange program it'll be very easy for students to get the gear they need at an affordable price.

However, there is another issue that may be more difficult to fix. This is the issue that gear simply is not "cool" per say. I'll even admit, when I was younger I stopped riding my bike because my mom insisted I wear a helmet and I thought I was above that. Luckily though, I now know better. Because of this, I, Sam the Safety Snail, will work with the university to increase gear-awareness and gear-acceptance on campus. I will use Sam to immortalize the safety slogans "pads are rad!" and "don't fear gear!"

So remember, next time you are about to do an ollie with your elbows uncovered or bike to class with a naked head, try to think what Sam the Safety Snail would do. I'm almost positive that he would tell you to get some pads because they sure are rad!





by Edward Reep

I don't think there's any kind of inborn trait that makes women care more about feelings than men. I think it's all upbringing. It's all in the way men think of themselves. Feelings don't matter. It's honor, but the ladies are supposed to be delicate and sweet, and they have to nurture the little babies, so of course it's all about feelings. This is why more men join the Marines, and more women go to liberal arts colleges and major in psychology. I like the idea of a girl majoring in psychology, preferably a pretty one. It's got a real allure. I get off on it. I want to deeply lodge my thoughts in their head, and then I can be a part of them, which from a metaphorical point of view is better than sex.

So after Orgo today, I pick up the phone and dial the number for Helpful Hotline, an anonymous peerto-peer counseling service where psychology majors can test their muscle. I've only tried this once before and got a guy, but I prayed to Allah things would work out right this time. I feel in my bones some XX chromosomes on the horizon. I think today's the day I get that feeling I've dreamed about for so long.

"Hello," I say immediately once I hear the phone click. "I have a problem." I'm ready to hang up if the voice is gruff.

"I'm sorry to hear that. What?" The voice is soft and high, even a little crackly, sounding a bit like glitter, if glitter could make a sound. I've hit gold.

"I have this issue, but it's a bit embarrassing."

"What is it? Do you want to talk about it?"

"I don't want to say."

"You can say something to me if you feel you want to get it off your chest."

"All right, but don't judge me."

"I'm not going to judge you."

"I've been having this dream," I lie because it's ac-

"HELLO,"

I SAY IMMEDIATELY ONCE I HEAR THE PHONE CLICK.

"I HAVE A PROBLEM."

I'M READY TO HANG UP IF THE VOICE IS GRUFF.

tually a daydream, "where I'm holding a girl's hair and running it through my hands, and she's smiling."

"That doesn't sound so bad."

"And then I pull the hair, and I pull it harder and harder, and she screams, at first from pain, but her scream starts to become an orgasm scream, and she's having an orgasm."

"Okay."

"And I feel sad when I have this dream," I lie, loving this moment as a boy would love his first sight of the atrium of Willy Wonka's chocolate factory.

"Why do you feel sad?"

"I don't know. I guess I wish I was having as much as fun as the girl when she gets her hair pulled."

"Hmm..."

"Sometimes I have this vision where I'm in class taking notes, and then a girl walks past me to get to her desk, and her breast rubs against my hand, and in this moment, time stops, and for all infinity, her breast is touching my hand, and this is the same girl whose hair I was yanking." And the girl is the psychology major on the other end of the line.

"How does that make you feel?"

I could do this all day.



FRUIT SNACKS

Art and Words by Rory Rosenberg

Herald waited at the heavy beige door. He looked down at his feet. They pointed slightly inward towards each other. People call it duckfooted, which always made Herald happy because at an early age he acquired the talent to quack like a duck by pressing his tongue to the side of his mouth.

The hallway was lit, but it could be in no way considered bright. The hallway acquired it's aesthetic from some mid-range hotel, a Holiday Inn. The walls were painted white and chalk yellow. He didn't knock at the door. She opened the door after a minute or two. Herald lost track of time digesting the numb sterilizing ambivalence in the hallway.

"Sorry, I just got your text message" she said.

He was glad to see her, it'd been a few days since they were together.

"It's okay. I wasn't out there long."

He entered her apartment and went to her room. Wagging his tail. It was also mutely lit but much more personable than the non-space of the hallway. The hallway that could use a few pieces of art and maybe an invigorating carpet. The carpet was grey, the type of grey that the lungs of a 50 year smoker would be diminished to.

They came into her room, took off their shoes, some of their clothing, and lounged on the bed. They both nestled into a hearty prune colored blanket that also had a similar texture.

'What's up? How was your day?"

"It was fine. I worked in the morning then wandered. I stopped to get some coffee around three. That's been keeping me going ever since; I guess it was pretty strong. I headed over to the grocery store and got some fruit snacks if you want some."

"Yeah sure, what kind are they?"

"Oh just like the target brand."

Herald hopped down off the bed onto the carpet that was also the same dull droning grey that was housed in the hallway. The grey leached around the sides of his feet onto the white of his socks. Herald almost fell into that grey. He bent down and grabbed a pouch.

He displayed all the rubbery snacks out in his palm and sorted them with his hand by color. 2 peach, 3 red,



2 orange, 1 yellow, 3 grape. Herald traversed back over the dangerous abyss of the carpet and thankfully made it safely back to the bed. He began to eat the grape fruit snacks first and waited to eat the yellow ones last. It was habit to eat the most abundant fruit snacks first then end with the least.

He couldn't find any red ones.

"I really fucking hate the color of the walls! And the carpet. Why can't they put lights in the hallway? Then I don't feel like I'm only some whore visiting here for some short stay."

